

**SMILIN' ED'S OWN
BUSTER BROWN**

**BOOK THREE
ALL NEW!**

COMIC BOOK



**GUN FIGHTER • MORNING GLORY
ADVENTURE WITH ROBIN HOOD**

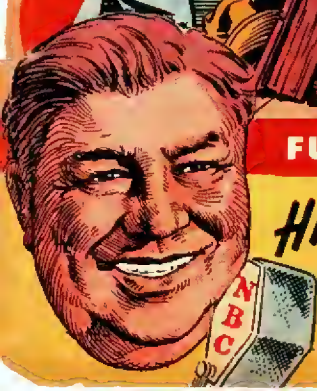
FUN! ACTION! THRILLS! ADVENTURE!

Hi Buddies!

Don't miss our show every Saturday
WMAQ 10:30 A.M.

ROBERT GIESCHE

SHOES
LA GRANGE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Dear Buddies,

This makes the third time I've had my picture on this cover. (Froggy says you're going to get tired looking at me.) But anyhow, kids, this is the third great Comic Book in our Buster Brown series. All of them were written and put out especially for the Buster Brown Gang.

Your Buster Brown shoeman, the Buster Brown folks and old Smilin' Ed certainly hope you enjoy this one as much as you have the other two and I feel mighty sure you will because it's packed with a lot of fun and thrills.

If you want to show any thanks for these Comic Books you can do it in a very simple way . . . just by remembering the name of your Buster Brown store. It's printed for you right on the cover. To be sure you remember, copy it off on a piece of paper and slip it in your ration book so you'll have it handy when you need new Buster Browns.

Now I know you're anxious to start reading your Comics, so I'll say goodbye for now.

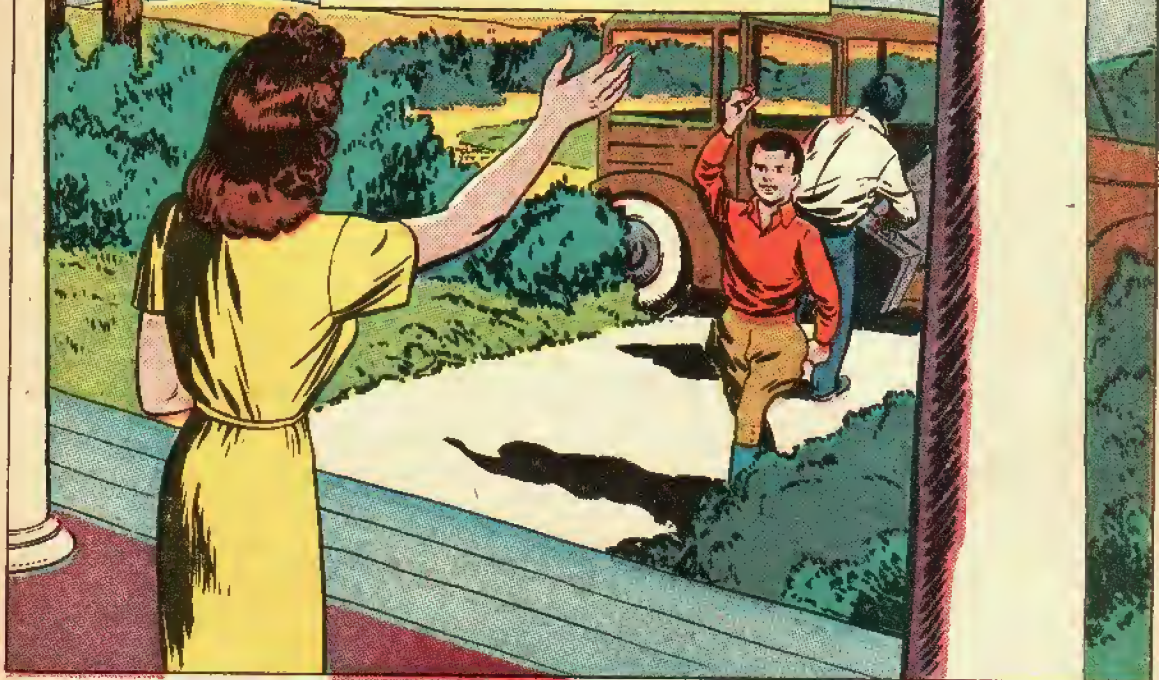
Yours for fun and friendship,

Smilin' Ed McConnell

P. S. Don't forget our big radio date every Saturday morning. Everybody has lots of fun and there is always a swell story, so be sure to listen.

MORNING GLORY

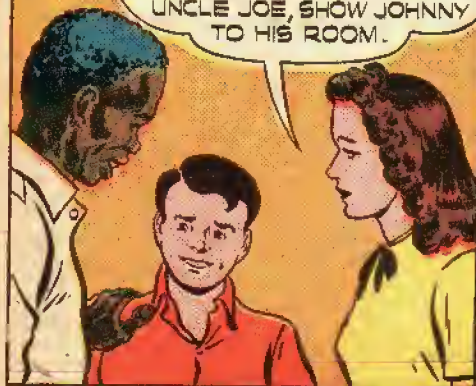
JOHNNY BRIGHT COMES AS EXERCISE BOY TO THE SUNNYFIELD HORSE FARM IN KENTUCKY, STARTING IN THE RACING GAME JUST AS HIS WORLD-FAMOUS DAD DID TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.



JOHNNY'S THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF HIS DAD, MIZ LOUISE

HE MIGHT BECOME A FAMOUS JOCKEY, TOO.

BUT IF THINGS DON'T GET BETTER SOON, IT WON'T BE AT THIS STABLE. NOW, UNCLE JOE, SHOW JOHNNY TO HIS ROOM.



THERE'S TROUBLE HERE, ISN'T THERE, UNCLE JOE?

SUNNYFIELD'S BEEN HAVING A LOSING TIME, JOHNNY. OUR YOUNG STALLION, SUNGOD, BETTER WIN THE DERBY THIS YEAR, OR SUNNYFIELD AIN'T GONNA BE NO MORE.



NEXT DAY, JOHNNY BEGAN EXERCISING SUNGOD, AS PART OF UNCLE JOE'S TRAINING PROGRAM TO MAKE THE STALLION A DERBY WINNER.

LOOK AT 'EM COME!

THEY'RE BOTH WONDERFUL—HORSE AND BOY!

YOU CLIPPED ANOTHER EIGHT SECONDS OFF HIS TIME, JOHNNY.

SUNGOD'S A GREAT HORSE, MISS LOUISE, BUT YOU GOT A BETTER ONE.

THAT MARE!

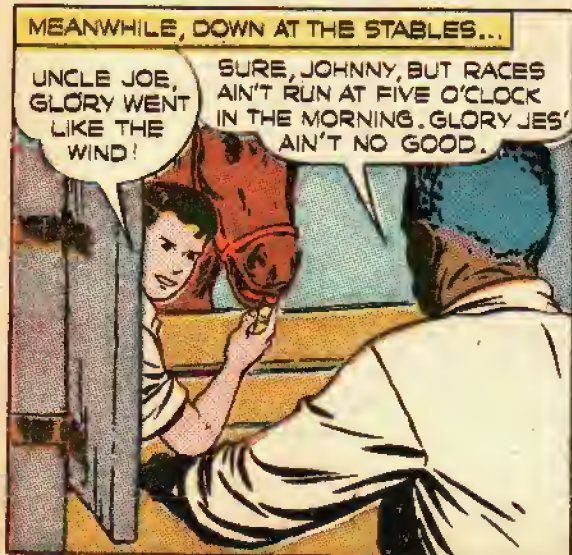
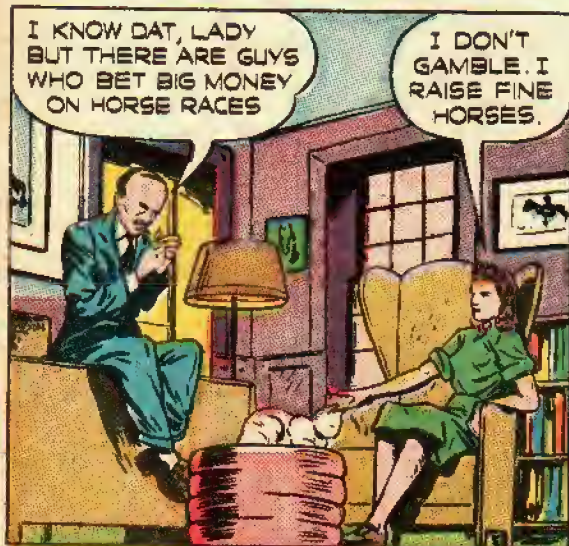
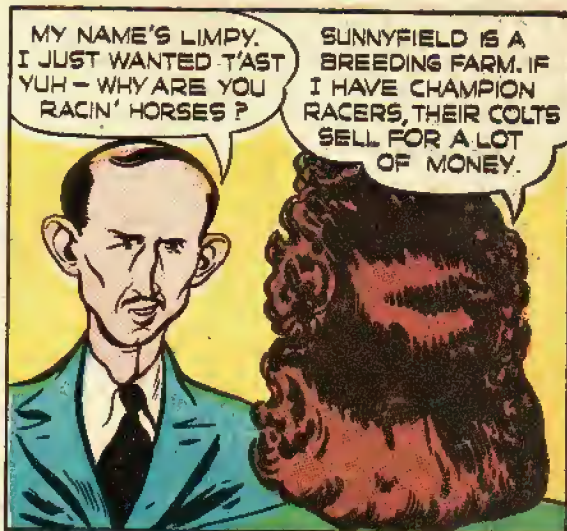
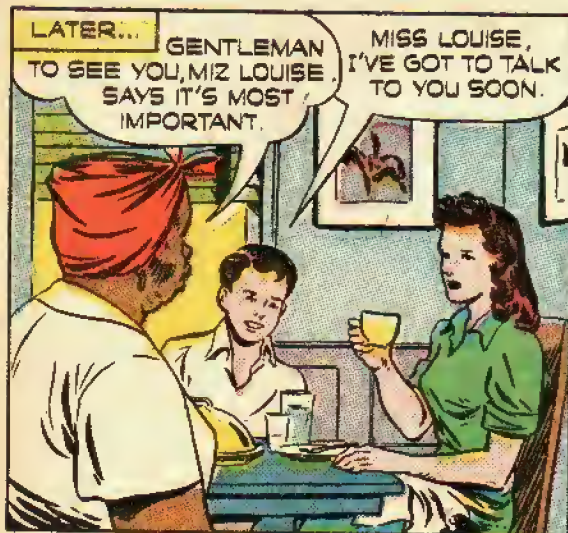
GLORY? SHE'LL RUN FAST IN THE COOL OF EARLY MORNING, BUT SHE'S NO GOOD IN THE HEAT OF DAY.

THEY CALL YOU GLORY—SHORT FOR MORNING. GLORY, AN' THAT WON'T RUN WHEN IT'S HOT. BUT YOU DON'T LAZY TO ME, LOOK GLORY.

JOHNNY COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT. HE KEPT WONDERING ABOUT GLORY. AT DAWN...

MESSE YOU RUN FAST ONLY IN THE EARLY MORNING, BUT I'M GONNA SEE HOW FAST, GLORY!

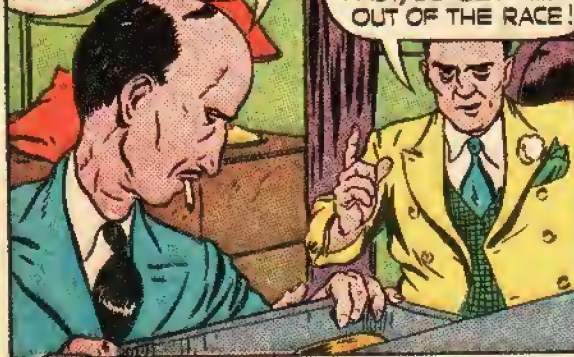
OH, YOU BEAUTY! YOU'RE THE FASTEST HORSE IN THE WORLD!



AT A DOWNTOWN HOTEL...

BOSS, THE CLARENDON DAME REFUSED TO PULL SUNGOD OUT OF THE RACE.

LIMPY, WE HAVE \$300,000 BET ON MY HORSE STRETCHAWAY. SUNGOD IS TOO FAST, SO GET HIM OUT OF THE RACE!



THE NEXT DAY...

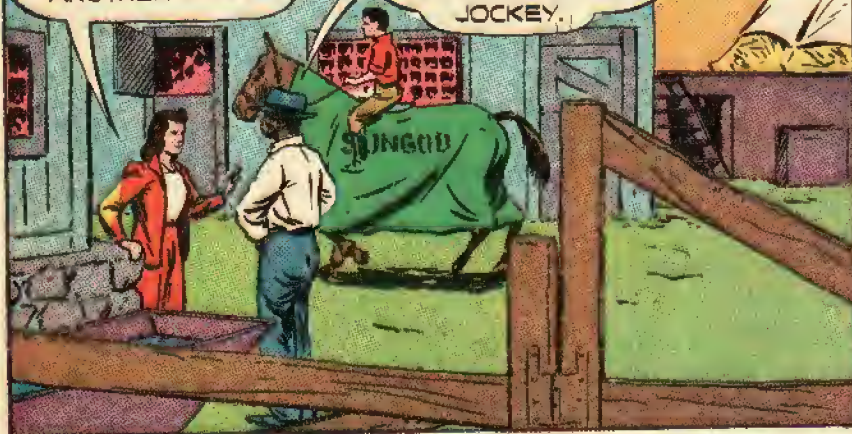
PAUL, WHY WON'T YOU RIDE SUNGOD IN THE DERBY?

I'VE BEEN TOLD TO PULL SUNGOD. I WON'T RIDE IN A CROOKED RACE IF I WIN, GANGSTERS WILL SHOOT ME



UNCLE JOE, WE MUST GO TO THE JOCKEY CLUB AND TRY TO GET SUNGOD ANOTHER RIDER.

WE BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE DERBY OFFICIALS, TOO. IT'LL BE TOUGH FINDING A JOCKEY.

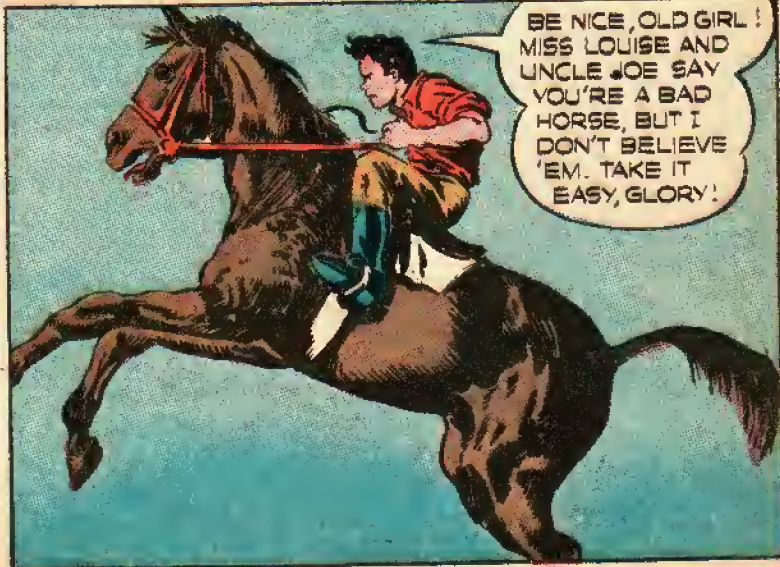


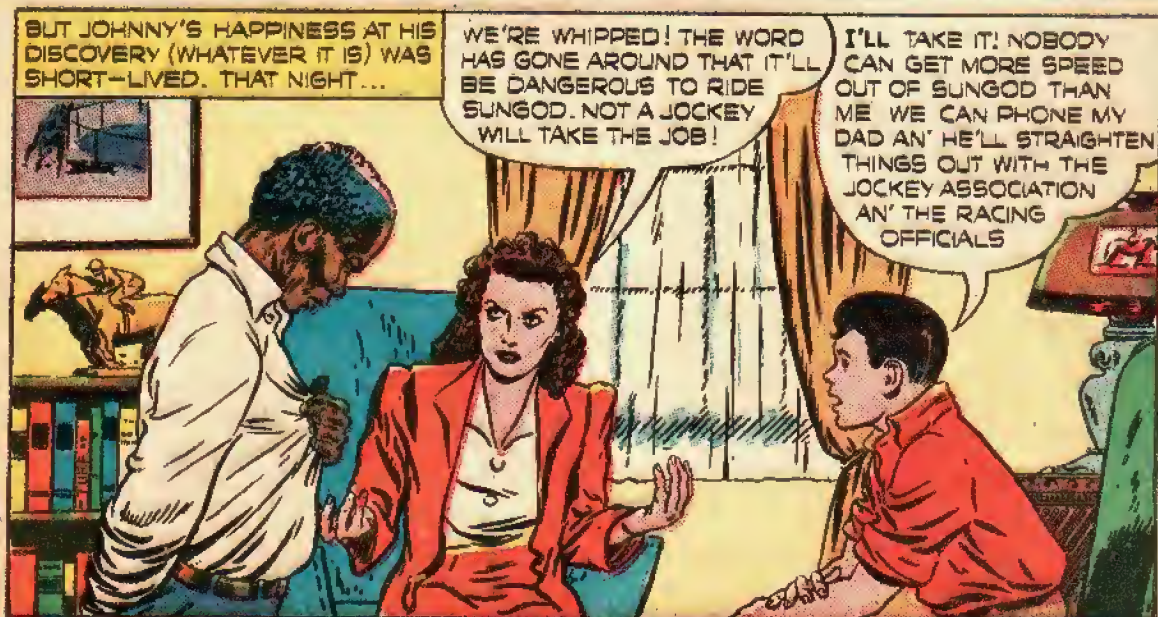
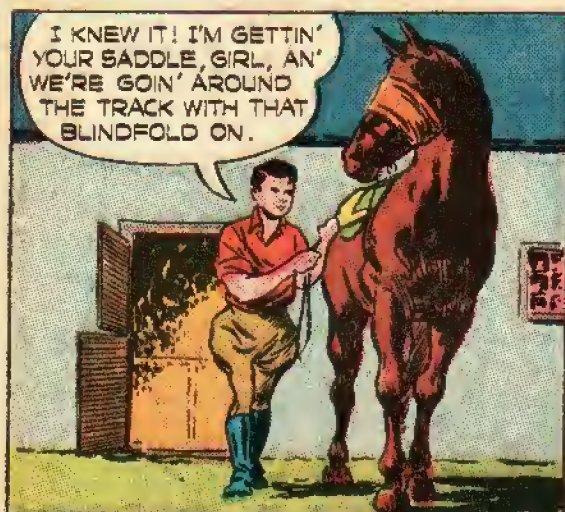
WITH UNCLE JOE AND MISS LOUISE GONE FOR THE AFTERNOON, JOHNNY HURRIES TO GLORY'S STALL TO TRY SOMETHING HE'S HAD IN MIND SINCE HIS FIRST EARLY MORNING RIDE ON THE FAST MARE

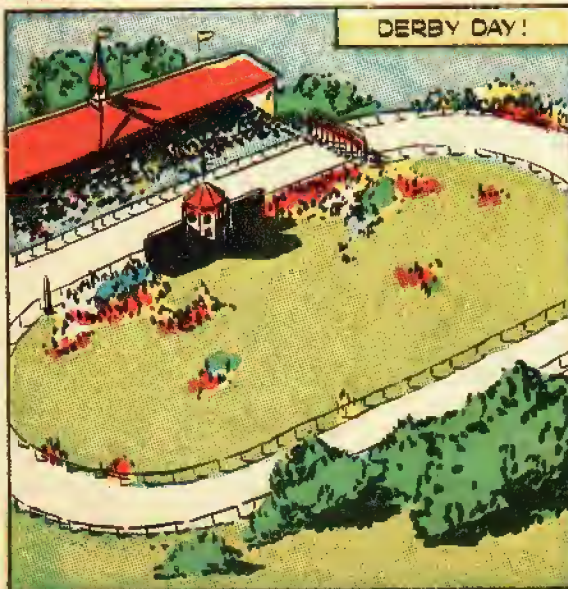
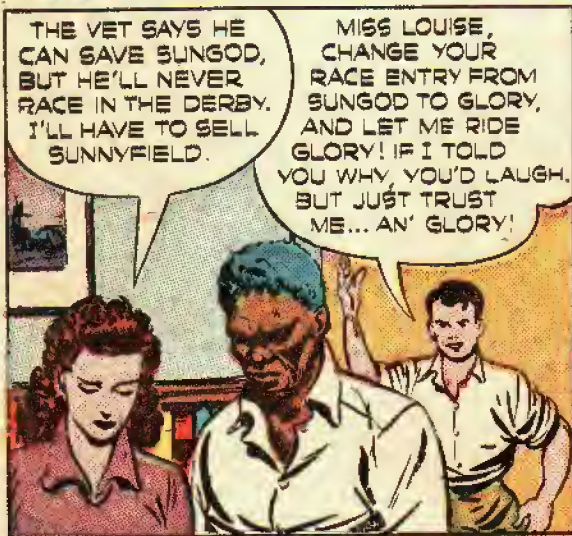
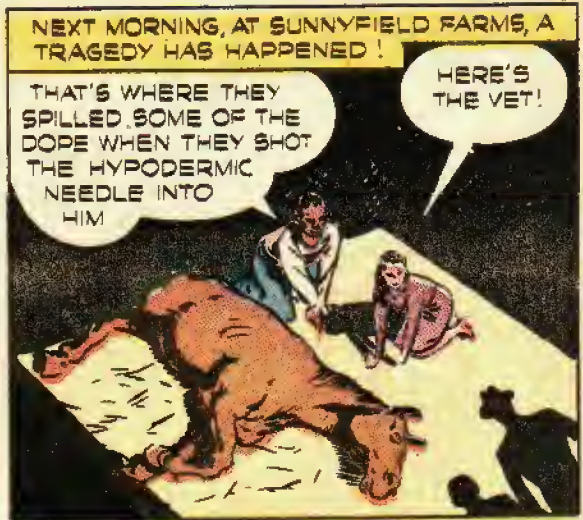
IT'S SUNSHINY! I'M GONNA FIND OUT IF YOU'RE A MORNIN' GLORY. I FIGURE YOU'LL RUN FOR ME, 'CAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND.



BE NICE, OLD GIRL! MISS LOUISE AND UNCLE JOE SAY YOU'RE A BAD HORSE, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE 'EM. TAKE IT EASY, GLORY!

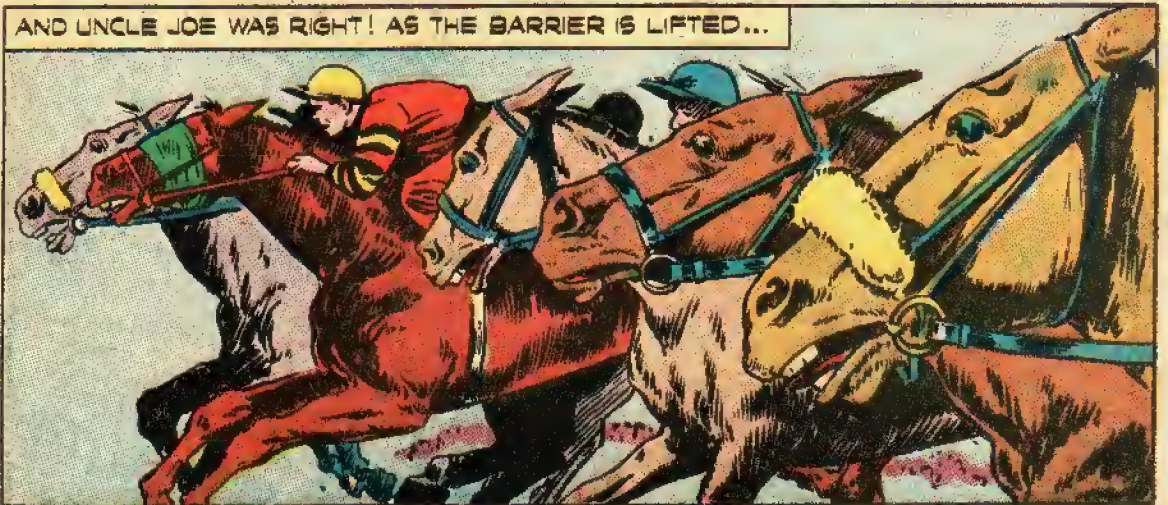








AND UNCLE JOE WAS RIGHT! AS THE BARRIER IS LIFTED...

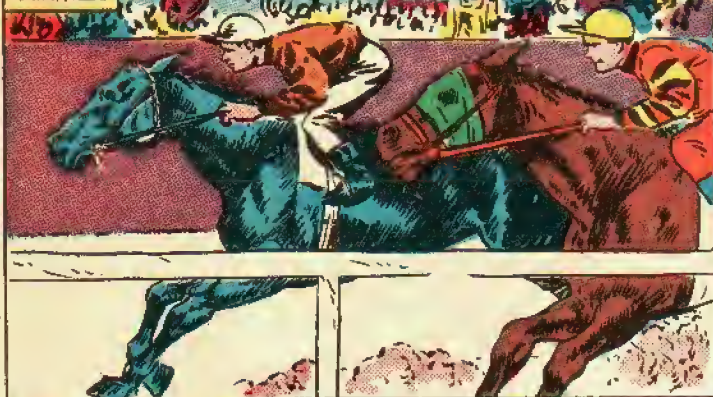


THEY'RE BUNCHED AT THE FIRST TURN,
BUT JOHNNY RIDES GLORY LIKE A
VETERAN! HE HEADS FOR THE RAIL...



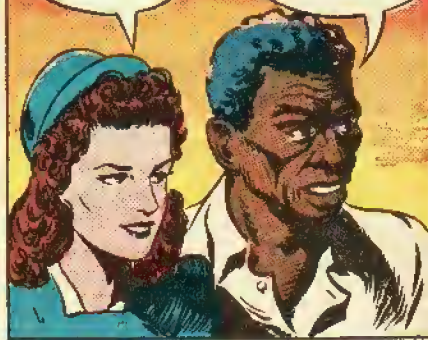
STRETCHAWAY, THE GREAT HORSE BACKED
BY THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE, IS OUT TO
WIN! BUT JOHNNY HOLDS GLORY IN. HE'LL
LET HER OUT WHEN THE TIME COMES.

STRETCHAWAY, COMING INTO THE STRETCH, STARTS HIS BIG BURST OF SPEED THAT GAVE HIM HIS NAME.



OH, HOW GLORY RUNS, UNCLE JOE! BUT STRETCHAWAY CAN'T BE CAUGHT IN THE STRETCH!

JOHNNY'S HOLDIN' GLORY IN. WHY DON'T HE TURN HER LOOSE?

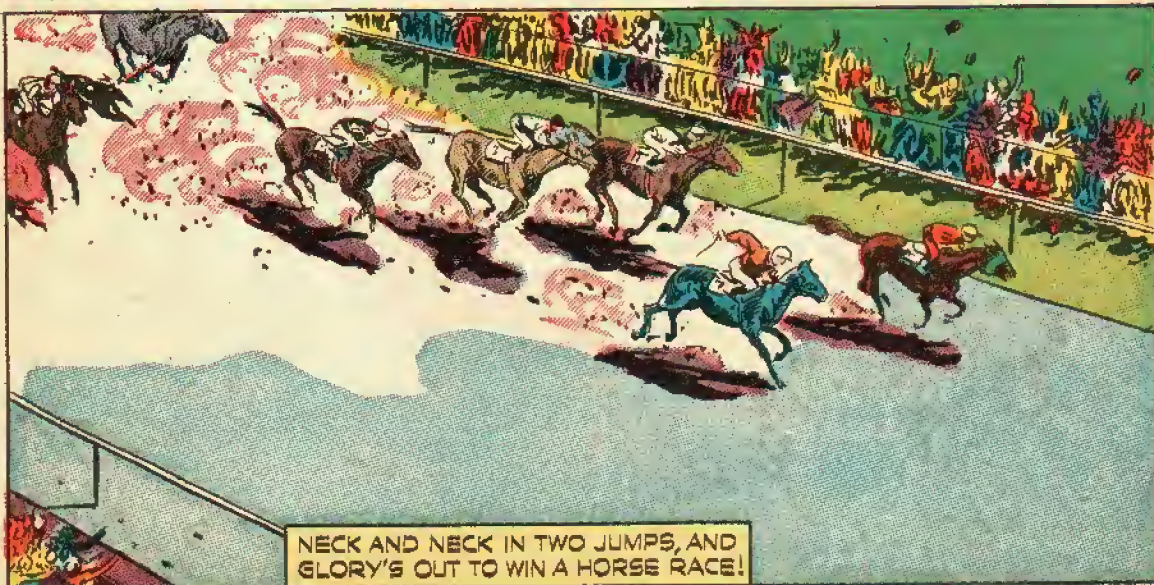
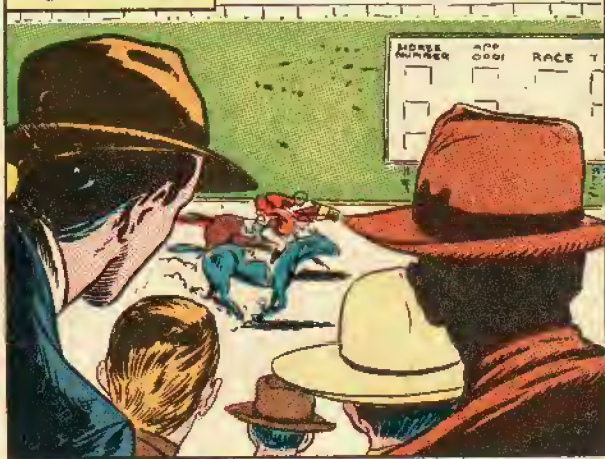


AS UNCLE JOE SPOKE, JOHNNY ROSE HIGHER IN HIS STIRRUPS UNTIL HE SEEMED TO BE TALKING RIGHT INTO GLORY'S EAR - AND HE WAS!

OKAY, GLORY, NOW WE RUN! LET'S GO, SWEETHEART!

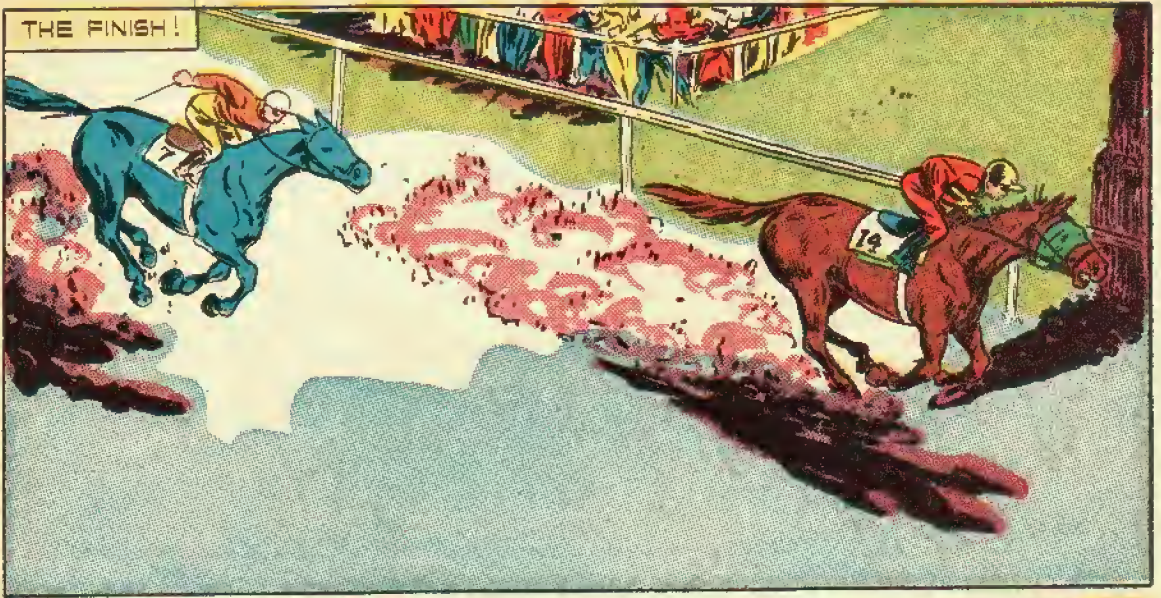


AND THE GREAT HORSE SEEMED TO TURN INTO A CHESTNUT-COLORED BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE!



NECK AND NECK IN TWO JUMPS, AND GLORY'S OUT TO WIN A HORSE RACE!

THE FINISH!

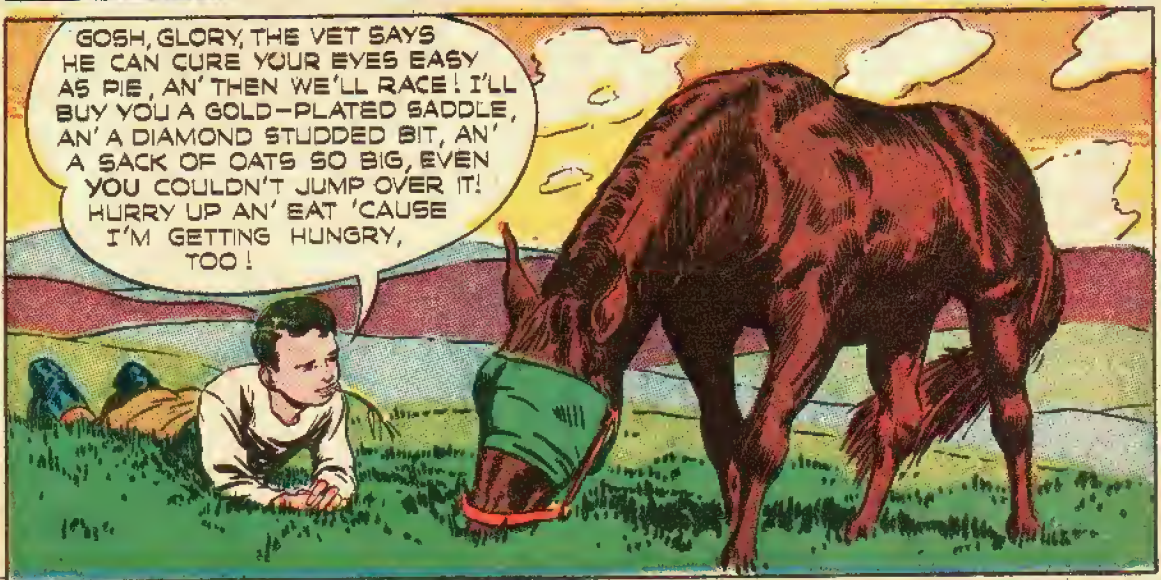


JOHNNY,
JOHNNY, HOW
DID YOU
DO IT?

IT WAS GLORY DID IT, MISS LOUISE.
I JUST MADE SUN GLASSES FOR HER
OUT OF GREEN CELLOPHANE. SHE'S NO
MORNIN' GLORY. SHE'S GOT BAD EYES,
AN' THE BRIGHT SUN HURTS 'EM.



GOSH, GLORY, THE VET SAYS
HE CAN CURE YOUR EYES EASY
AS PIE, AN' THEN WE'LL RACE! I'LL
BUY YOU A GOLD-PLATED SADDLE,
AN' A DIAMOND STUDDED BIT, AN'
A SACK OF OATS SO BIG, EVEN
YOU COULDN'T JUMP OVER IT!
HURRY UP AN' EAT 'CAUSE
I'M GETTING HUNGRY,
TOO!



Words and Music by
SMILIN' ED McCONNELL



I'D LIKE TO BE the DOCTOR



VERSE



The doc-tor al-ways makes me take such aw-ful tast-ing things He



seems to think for good-ness sake I like what-ev-er he



brings I wish I was the doc-tor and I wish he could be me. Then



pretty soon he'd un-der-stand you bet I'd make him see

CHO



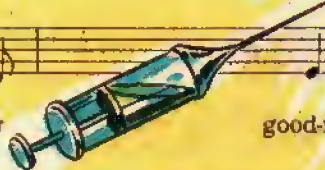
Gee. would-n't I like to be the doc - tor, To
Gee. would-n't I like to be the doc - tor, I'd



get him for a pa-tient would be keen 'Cause
make him stay in bed a hun dred years I'd



ev-ry sin-gle how I'd give him some-thing sour, And
make some stick-y goo And then when I get there, I'd





for - ty quarts of cas - tor oil be - tween
pour a thou - sand gal - lons in his ears



Gee, would - n't I make him stick his tongue out, I
Gee, would - n't I like to hear him hol - ler, When



bet he'd have it down a - round his chin.
ev - er I put on the i - o - dine.



I'd
I'd



tell a joke to make him grin and then I'd stick the need - le in,
tell him that it wouldn't hurt and then I'd give him an extra squirt,



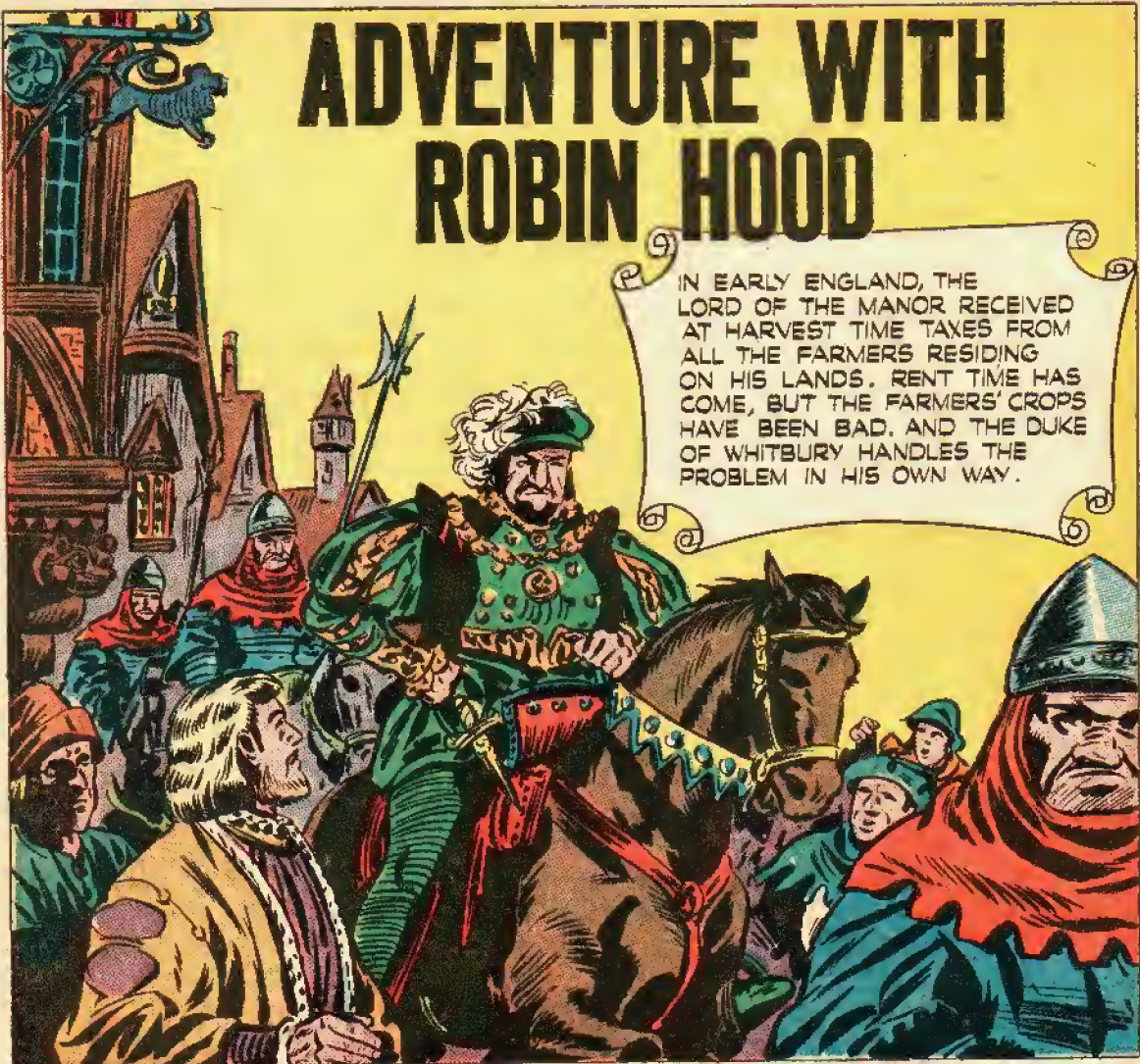
Gee, would - n't I like to be the doc - tor tor -
Gee, would - n't I like to be the doc -



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Smilin' Ed McConnell

ADVENTURE WITH ROBIN HOOD

IN EARLY ENGLAND, THE LORD OF THE MANOR RECEIVED AT HARVEST TIME TAXES FROM ALL THE FARMERS RESIDING ON HIS LANDS. RENT TIME HAS COME, BUT THE FARMERS' CROPS HAVE BEEN BAD. AND THE DUKE OF WHITBURY HANDLES THE PROBLEM IN HIS OWN WAY.



IF YOU HAVE NO CROPS OR STOCK TO PAY THE TAXES, I SHOULD PUT YOU OFF MY LAND. WHAT SAY YOU TO THAT, MAYOR?

WE HAVE NO ANSWER—SAVE THAT OUR FAMILIES HAVE LIVED UNDER A DUKE OF WHITBURY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

I GIVE YOU UNTIL TOMORROW. PAY THE TAXES OR OFF MY LAND YOU GO!



THE YOUNG DUKE NEVER TREATED US SO! I FOR ONE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THE OLD DUKE'S TYRANNY. LEAD US, JOHN ROYCE! WE'LL ATTACK HIS CASTLE!

AYE!
AYE!

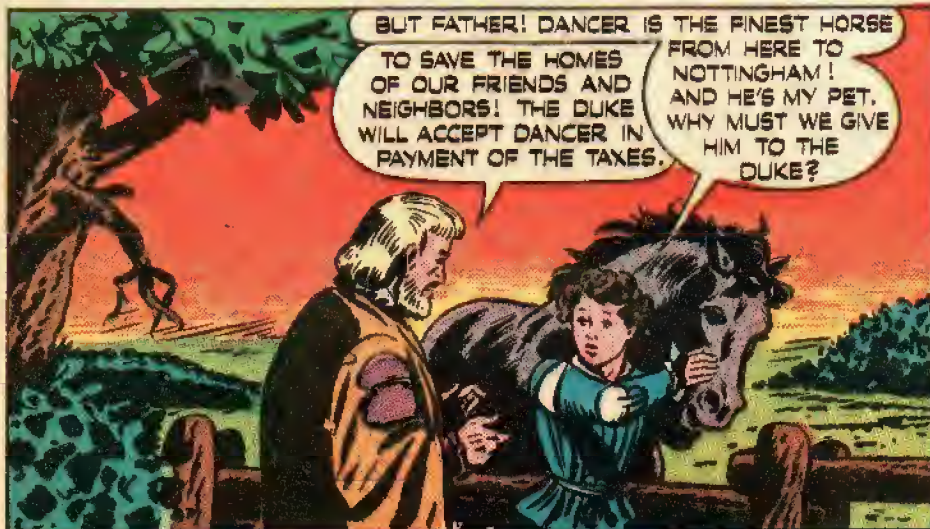
HOLD, HOLD, MY FRIENDS! REMEMBER, THE YOUNG DUKE IS A MADMAN NOW. VIOLENCE WON'T HELP. I'LL TRY TO THINK OF SOME SOLUTION.



SO, JOHN ROYCE, MAYOR OF THE VILLAGE, GOES HOME TO HIS COTTAGE AND FINDS THE SOLUTION THERE.

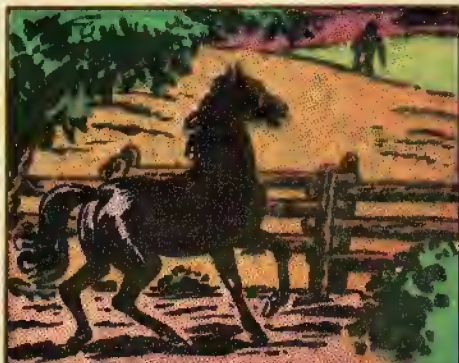
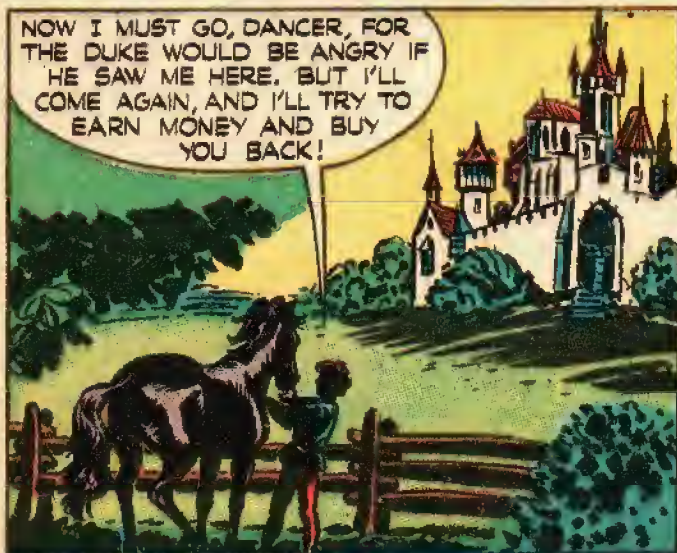
BUT FATHER! DANCER IS THE FINEST HORSE FROM HERE TO NOTTINGHAM! AND HE'S MY PET. WHY MUST WE GIVE HIM TO THE DUKE?

TO SAVE THE HOMES OF OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS! THE DUKE WILL ACCEPT DANCER IN PAYMENT OF THE TAXES.



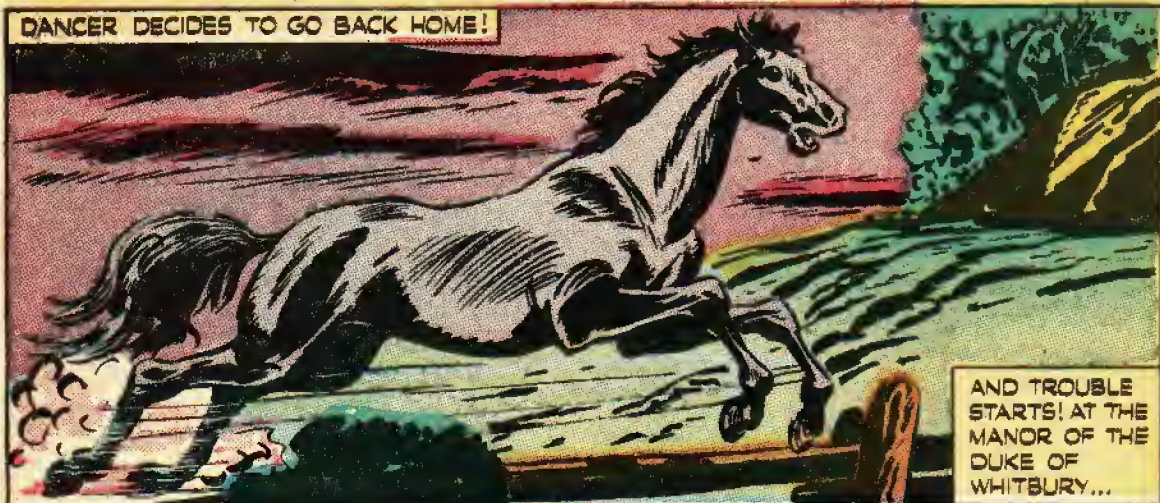
AND THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG STALLION, PRIZED PET OF THE BOY, GOES TO THE DUKE OF WHITBURY. BUT EDWARD MISSED HIS PET, AND WENT TO SEE HIM ONE DAY.

NOW I MUST GO, DANCER, FOR THE DUKE WOULD BE ANGRY IF HE SAW ME HERE. BUT I'LL COME AGAIN, AND I'LL TRY TO EARN MONEY AND BUY YOU BACK!



DANCER WATCHED THE BOY DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE DISTANT HILL. WHAT WAS WRONG? WHY COULDN'T HE FOLLOW HIS FAVORITE FRIEND ANY MORE? THE FENCE? DANCER SOLVED THAT PROBLEM IN SIMPLE FASHION!

DANCER DECIDES TO GO BACK HOME!



AND TROUBLE
STARTS! AT THE
MANOR OF THE
DUKE OF
WHITBURY...

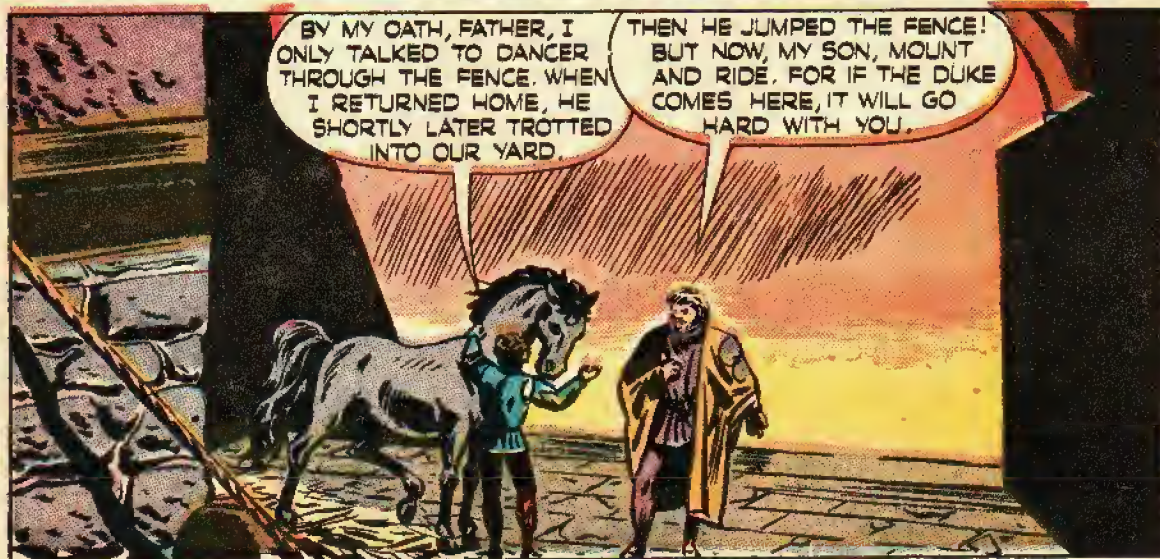
EVEN NOW THE HORSE IS
BACK IN HIS Paddock, MY
LORD. I SAW HIM
THERE MYSELF



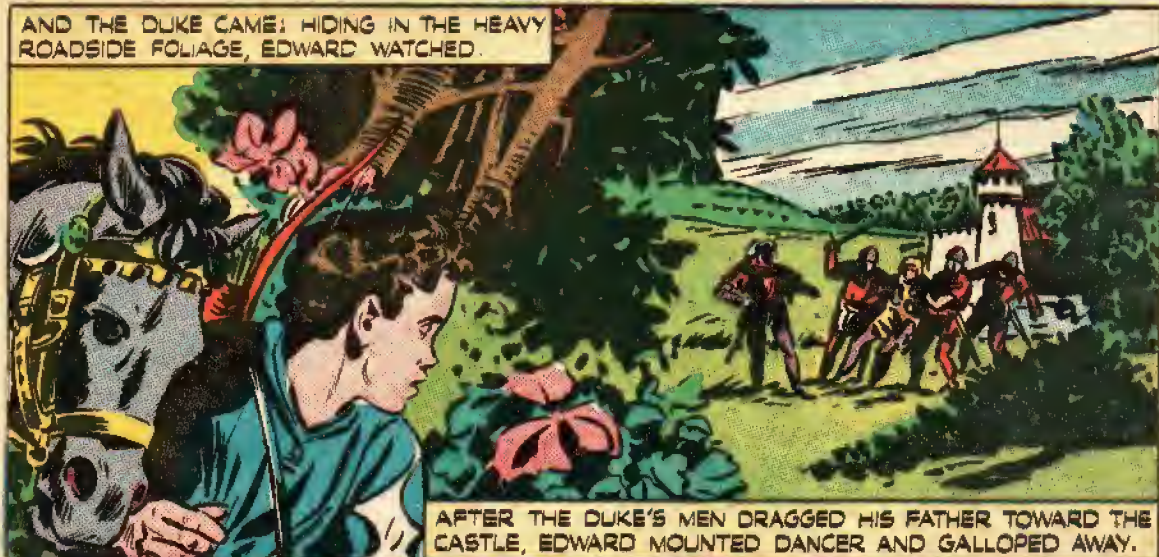
GATHER THE MEN! THEY HAVE
STOLEN THE STALLION. WE SHALL
TEACH THE ROGUES THAT THE
DUKE OF WHITBURY IS NOT
TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

BY MY OATH, FATHER, I
ONLY TALKED TO DANCER
THROUGH THE FENCE. WHEN
I RETURNED HOME, HE
SHORTLY LATER TROTTED
INTO OUR YARD.

THEN HE JUMPED THE FENCE!
BUT NOW, MY SON, MOUNT
AND RIDE. FOR IF THE DUKE
COMES HERE, IT WILL GO
HARD WITH YOU.



AND THE DUKE CAME! HIDING IN THE HEAVY
ROADSIDE FOLIAGE, EDWARD WATCHED.



AFTER THE DUKE'S MEN DRAGGED HIS FATHER TOWARD THE
CASTLE, EDWARD MOUNTED DANCER AND GALLOPED AWAY.

OH, SUCH TROUBLE, DANCER! FATHER LOCKED UP IN THE DUKE'S
TOWER PRISON! THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP THE YOUNG DUKE
LOCKED UP SINCE HE BECAME A MADMAN. WELL, WE'D
BETTER FIND A CAMPING PLACE. TOMORROW
WE'LL LOOK FOR HELP.



AND SO, THE BOY
UNSADDLED AND TETHERED
HIS HORSE IN THE RICH
GRASS. THEN, BRACING HIS
LONG BOW, HE STARTED TO
HUNT FOR HIS OWN SUPPER.
BUT HE WENT CAUTIOUSLY,
FOR THIS WAS FAMED
SHERWOOD FOREST IN
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, AND A
CERTAIN SHERIFF IN THOSE
PARTS MADE IT DANGEROUS
FOR ANYONE BUT THE
KING TO HUNT.

A POX ON IT!
I'VE MISSED!



O-OH, SIR! I
DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WERE
BEHIND
ME.

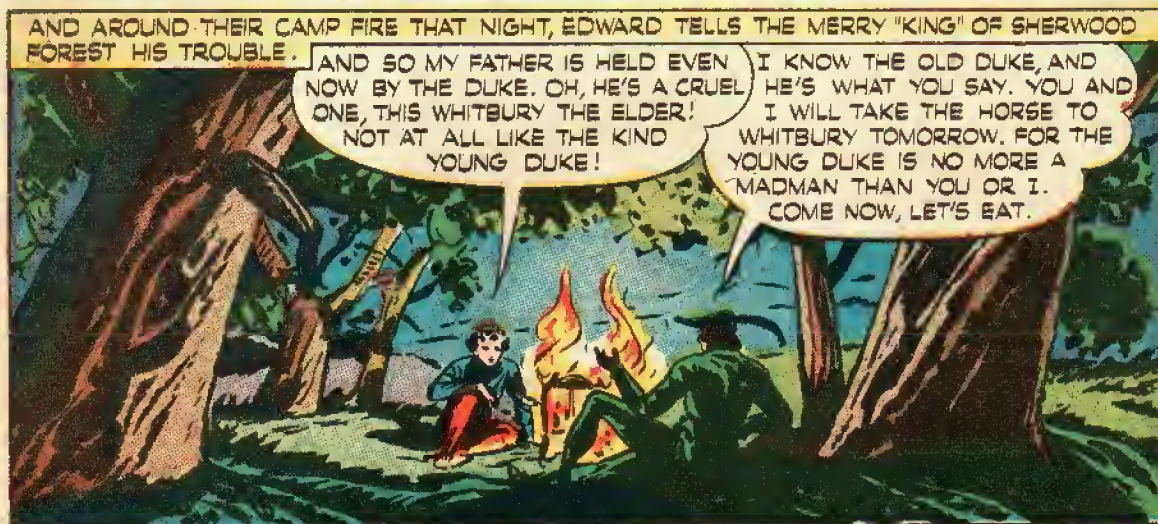
I AM ALWAYS BEHIND SOMEONE, LAD.
IT'S FAR BETTER THAN HAVING SOME-
ONE BEHIND ME. WATCH NOW, WHILE
I GIVE YOU A LESSON
IN SHOOTING!





SEE, LAD? A LIGHT HAND ON THE BOW, LIGHT FINGERTIPS ON THE STRING, AND A SMOOTH LOOSE, NOT A JERK, ON THE BOWSTRING!

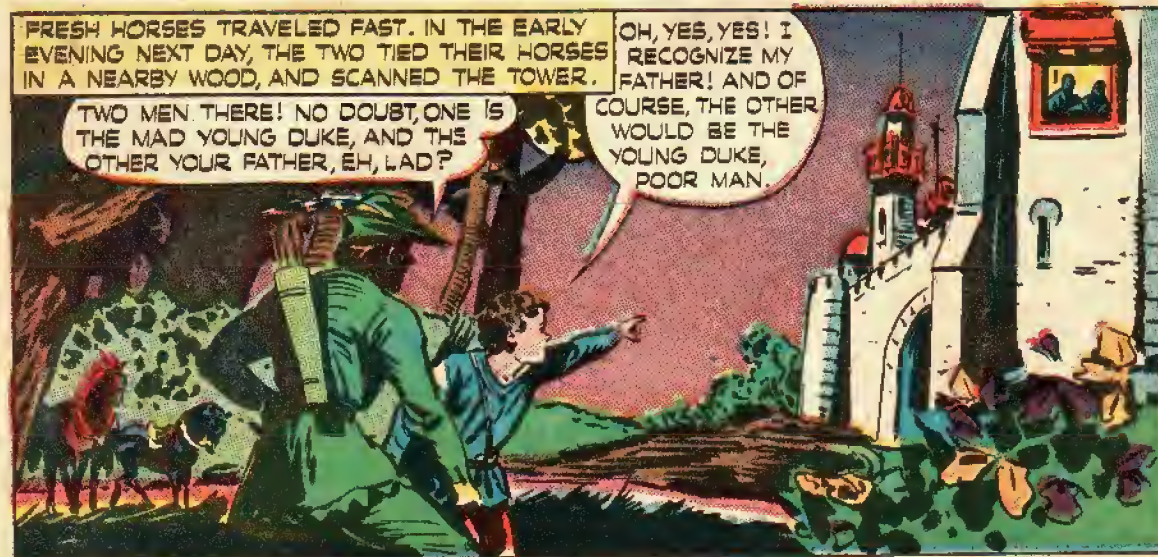
A HUNDRED YARDS! ONLY ONE MAN AIMS A SHAFT LIKE THAT—AND YOU WEAR HIS COLOR OF FOREST GREEN! Y-YOU, SIR, MUST BE ROBIN HOOD!



AND AROUND THEIR CAMP FIRE THAT NIGHT, EDWARD TELLS THE MERRY "KING" OF SHERWOOD FOREST HIS TROUBLE.

AND SO MY FATHER IS HELD EVEN NOW BY THE DUKE. OH, HE'S A CRUEL ONE, THIS WHITBURY THE ELDER! NOT AT ALL LIKE THE KIND YOUNG DUKE!

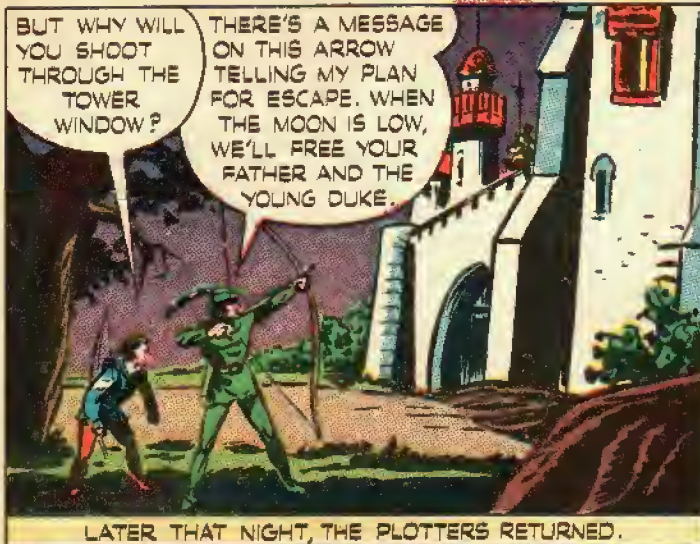
I KNOW THE OLD DUKE, AND HE'S WHAT YOU SAY. YOU AND I WILL TAKE THE HORSE TO WHITBURY TOMORROW. FOR THE YOUNG DUKE IS NO MORE A MADMAN THAN YOU OR I. COME NOW, LET'S EAT.



FRESH HORSES TRAVELED FAST. IN THE EARLY EVENING NEXT DAY, THE TWO TIED THEIR HORSES IN A NEARBY WOOD, AND SCANNED THE TOWER.

TWO MEN THERE! NO DOUBT, ONE IS THE MAD YOUNG DUKE, AND THE OTHER YOUR FATHER, EH, LAD?

OH, YES, YES! I RECOGNIZE MY FATHER! AND OF COURSE, THE OTHER WOULD BE THE YOUNG DUKE, POOR MAN.



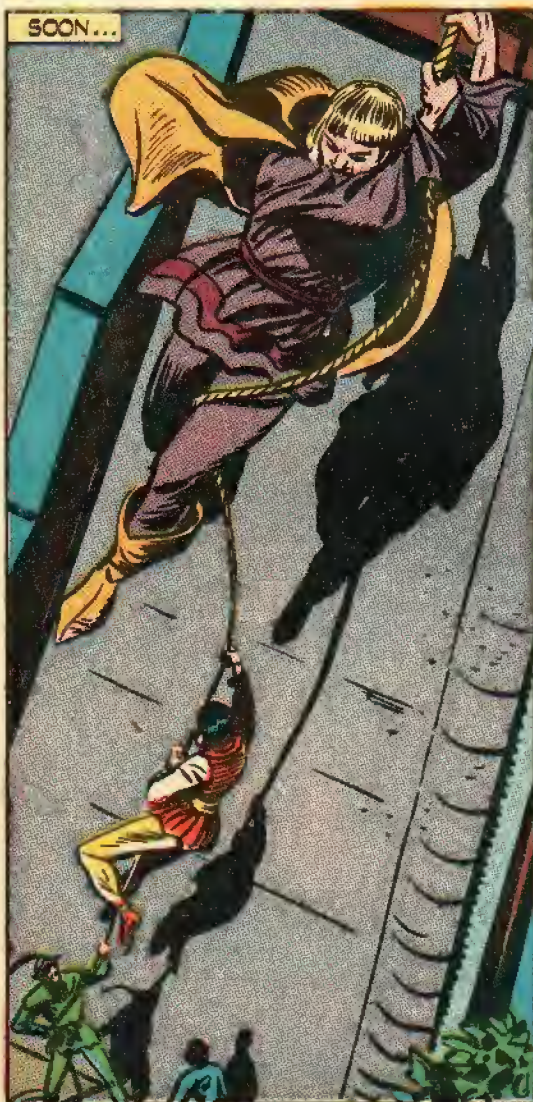
BUT WHY WILL YOU SHOOT THROUGH THE TOWER WINDOW?

THERE'S A MESSAGE ON THIS ARROW TELLING MY PLAN FOR ESCAPE. WHEN THE MOON IS LOW, WE'LL FREE YOUR FATHER AND THE YOUNG DUKE.

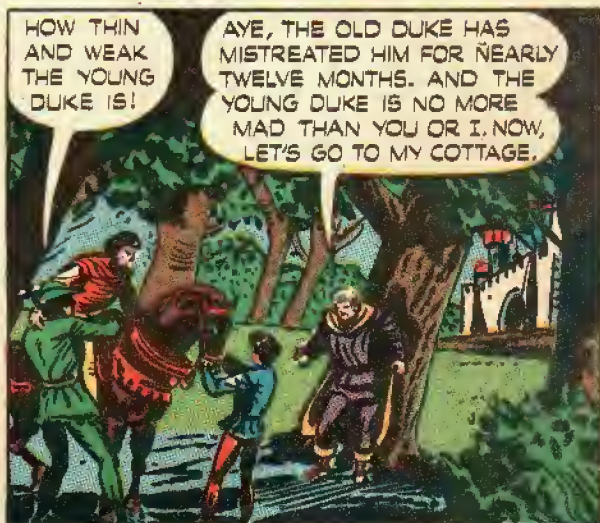
LATER THAT NIGHT, THE PLOTTERS RETURNED.



SO! A LIGHT CORD TO AN ARROW TO SHOOT TO THE TOWER. A HEAVY ROPE TIED TO THE LIGHT CORD TO BE DRAWN UP FOR ESCAPE. NOW, LAD, MY BOW.



SOON...



HOW THIN AND WEAK THE YOUNG DUKE IS!

AYE, THE OLD DUKE HAS MISTREATED HIM FOR NEARLY TWELVE MONTHS. AND THE YOUNG DUKE IS NO MORE MAD THAN YOU OR I. NOW, LET'S GO TO MY COTTAGE.



MY SON, WE HAD BETTER MAKE OUR PLANS TO LEAVE—ALL OF US!

LEAVE THE HOME OF YOUR FOREFATHERS? AH NO, GOOD ROYCE. FIRST, LET ME CHAT WITH THE OLD DUKE OF WHITBURY.

EDWARD, LAD, YOU'VE WIT AND COURAGE. WOULD YOU KNOW WHITBURY CASTLE WELL?

AYE, I KNOW IT EVERY FOOT, ROBIN HOOD, AND I'LL GUIDE YOU WELL.



SPOKEN LIKE A YEOMAN! THEN HAND ME MY YEW, TAKE YOUR OWN, AND SHOW ME TO THE DUKE.



SOON... STAND BACK, M'LAD. I'LL GO IN WITH A RUSH. THERE'LL BE A SERF JUST WITHIN, I'LL WARRANT.

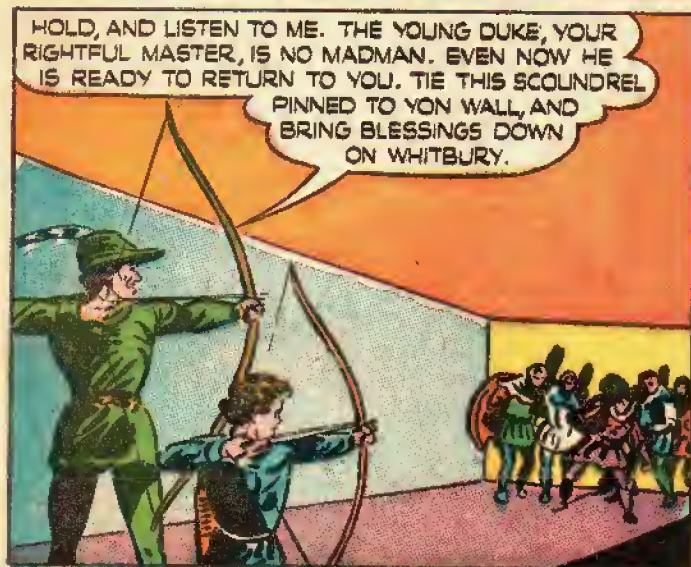


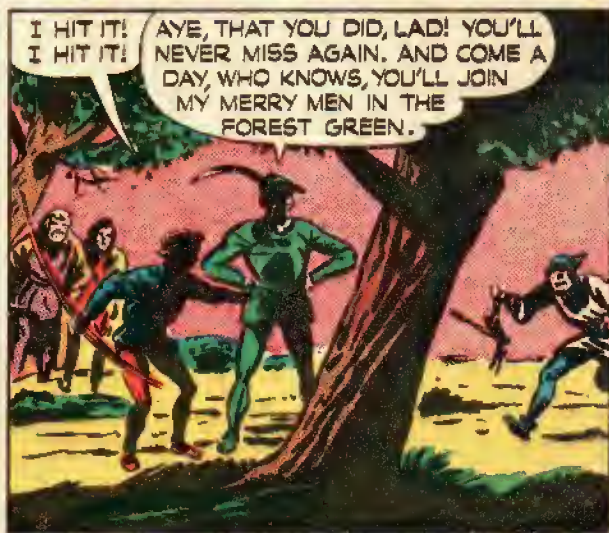
THE DUKE WILL BE IN THE STUDY NOW, ROBIN HOOD—THE DOOR AT THE END, WITH THE LIGHT SHINING FROM IT.

STAND ASIDE, LAD, AND WARN IF OTHERS COME. WE'LL SEE IF THE DUKE'S SWORD IS AS SHARP AS HIS LYING TONGUE.









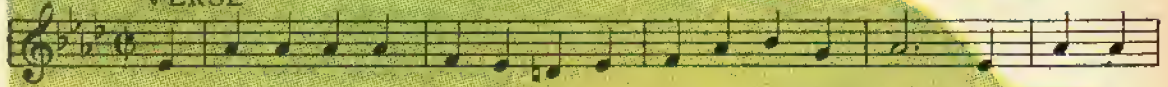
If everything was

BACKWARDS!

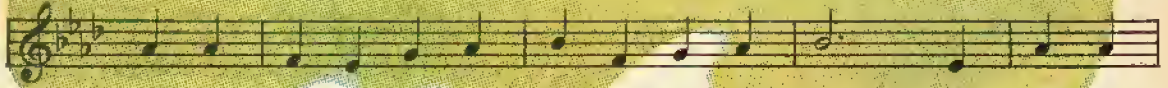


Words and Music by
SMILIN' ED McCONNELL

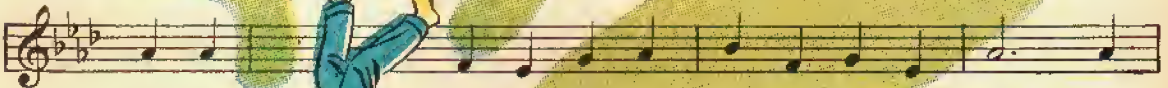
VERSE



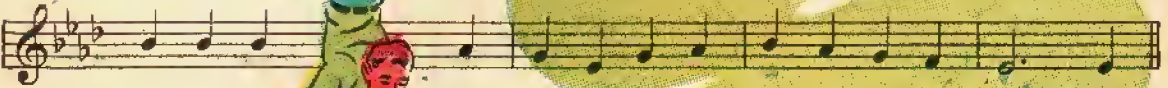
I've been to see the cir-cus and I've been to see the zoo. I've seen a



lot of fun—ny things I guess the same as you, But all day



I've been think—ing what a cra—zy thing 'twould be. If



ev'-ry—thing was back-wards would-n't that be fun to see? If

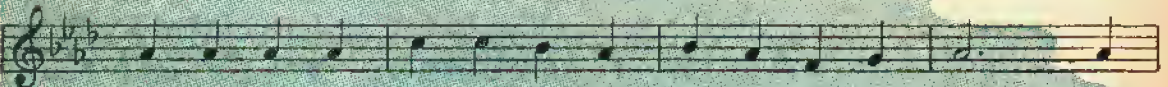
CHO



ev'-ry—thing was back-wards what a time we'd have Oh My The
ev'-ry—thing was back-wards just im— a—gine this Oh Boy Grand-
ev'-ry—thing was back-wards we would go to bed to eat We'd

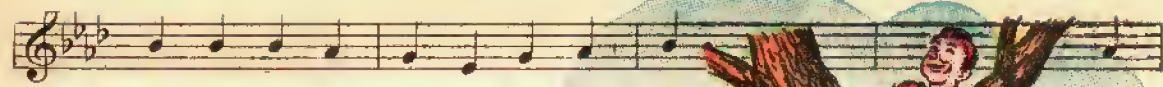


street—cars would be stand—ing still while all the streets ran by We'd
pa would be a ba—by girl Grand—ma would be a boy We'd
wear our shoes up—on our head and hats up—on our feet We'd



walk a—round up—on our heads and look up at the street. Toe
have to bring their bot—tle ev'—ry time they'd yell and rave, Grand-
stay a—wake while sleep—ing and we'd shut up when we talked, And





nails would grow up — on our head and hair up
pa would get the col — ic and our ba — by'd
if we went to take a ride we'd stand up



on our feet, it would be hot in win — ter — time, in
have to shave, The kids would spank their pa and ma when
while we walked, And when we went to bed we'd have to



sum — mer — time we'd freeze, And birds would live in
they got in a spat, The mice would catch our
stand up to lie down, And we would just be



our house while we roost — ed up in trees, Then
kit — ten and our dog would be a cat, Their
get — ting up when bed — time comes a — round, Then



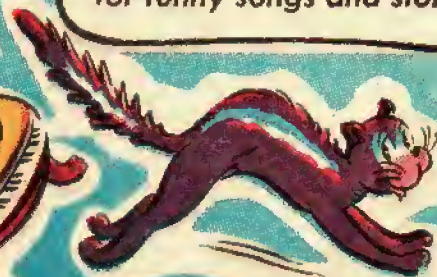
I would be my ma — ma and her ma — ma would be ma, If
tails would be in front of them, their heads would be be — hind, If
I would be the teach — er and I'd make up ev' — ry rule, If



ev' — ry — thing was back — wards, what a mix — up there would be If school
ev' — ry — thing was back — wards, would — n't ev' — ry — thing be fine. If
ev' — ry — thing was back — wards, and my teach — er was in



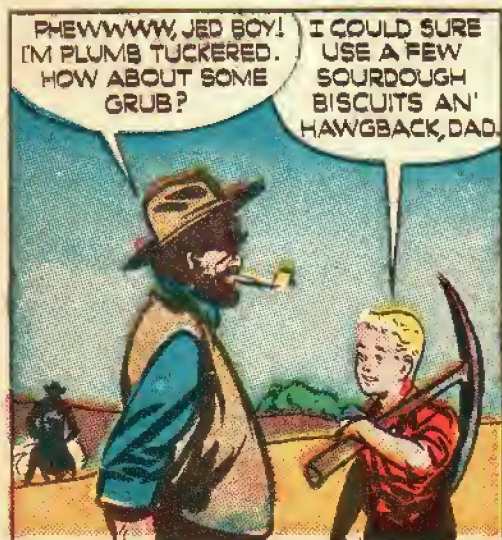
HI, KIDS! Listen to the
Buster Brown Radio Show
every Saturday morning
for funny songs and stories.

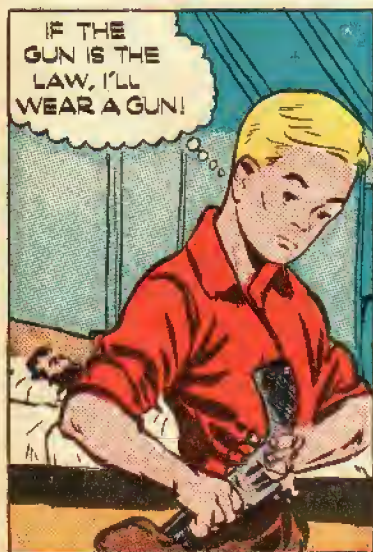
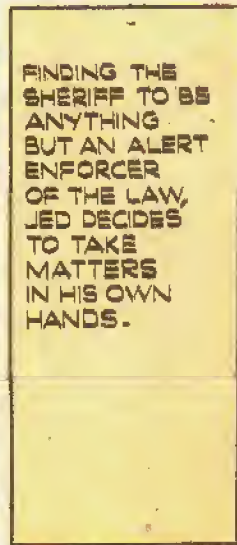
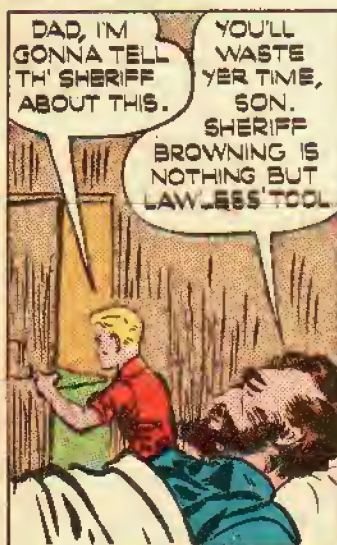


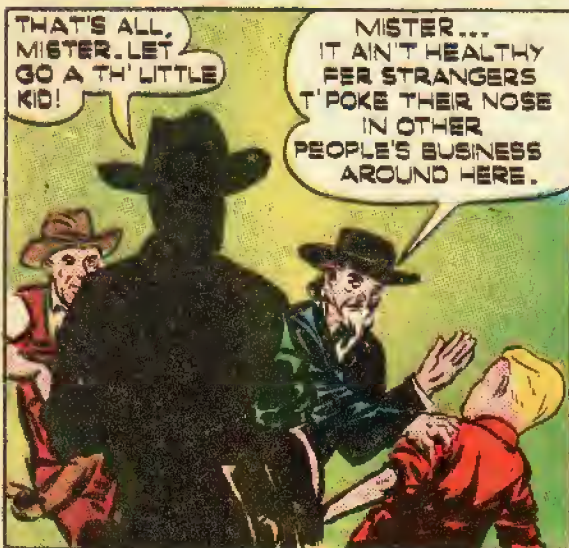
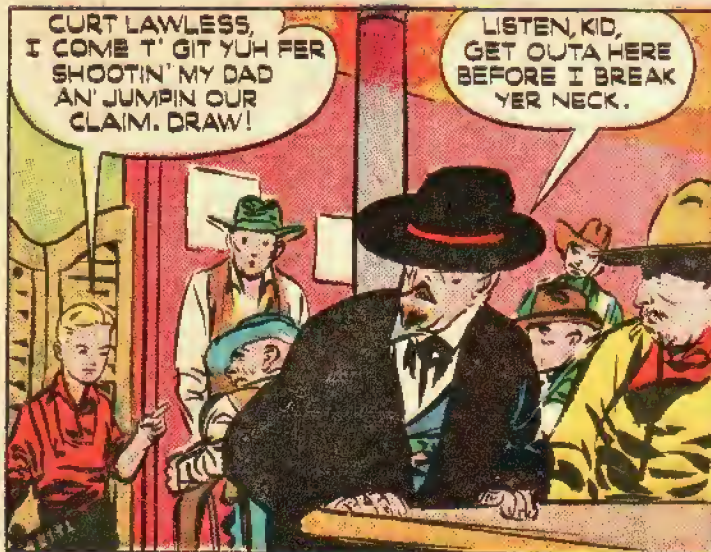
GUN FIGHTERS



THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST IN ITS EARLY DAYS WAS A SHOOTING MAN'S COUNTRY. SOME OF THE FAST-ON-THE-DRAW LADS, LIKE BILLY THE KID, WENT BAD. BUT SOME, LIKE JED FARRADAY, STAYED "STRAIGHT" AND HELPED TO BUILD THE GREAT WEST WE KNOW TODAY. BUT HERE'S THE STORY...







SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, LITTLE JED FINDS A HERO OTHER THAN HIS OWN DAD. THE MAN AND THE BOY REACH A SAFE SPOT AND MAKE CAMP. THEN JED TELLS HIS STORY.

...THEN, I PUT ON DADS SIX-GUN AN' GEE, I'D A SURE GOT A HARD SLAPPIN' CEPT FER YOU MISTER ...GOSH, I DON'T KNOW YER NAME.

SHUCKS, SON JES CALL ME TEXAS AN' I'LL CALL YOU JED. NOW YUH AN' ME'S PARTNERS. SO WE GOTTA PLAN.



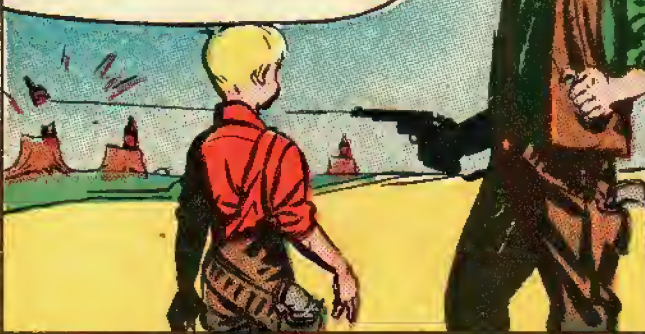
FIRST, DAD FARRADAY WAS MOVED INTO TOWN. THEN, THE 'PARTNERS' WENT BACK TO THEIR CAMP AND ...

WHAT ARE YUH DOIN' TO DAD'S GUN, TEXAS?

THIS TRIGGER IS TOO STIFF FOR YUH. WHEN WE GO FER YER DAD'S CLAIM, SOMEBODY'S GONNA START SHOOTING AT YUH. I'M AIMIN' T SEE THAT YUH KIN SHOOT FIRST.



JED, YUH GOT A DEAD EYE. BUT TH' DRAW IS SOMETHIN' ELSE. A FELLER THAT'S REALLY FAST ON TH' DRAW DOESN'T HAVE TO PLAN ON IT, HE THINKS HIS GUN OUT OF TH' HOLSTER. WHEN HE NEEDS HIS GUN REAL FAST, THERE IT IS IN HIS HAND



JUMPIN' DOGIES! JED, THAT'S TH' FASTEST DRAW I EVER SEE, OUTSIDE OF MY OWN. WE KIN START NOW. AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE I KIN TEACH YUH.



BUT THERE WAS ONE MORE THING TEXAS COULD TEACH THE BOY! AS THEY RODE ALONG TOWARD TOWN, JED WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL, AND FINALLY HE SPOKE.

TEXAS, MY DAD IS A GOOD MAN, AN' HE ALLUS SAID A YOUNG FELLER HANDY WITH A GUN, GENERALLY WINDS UP AT TH' END OF A ROPE. I'M SKEERED!

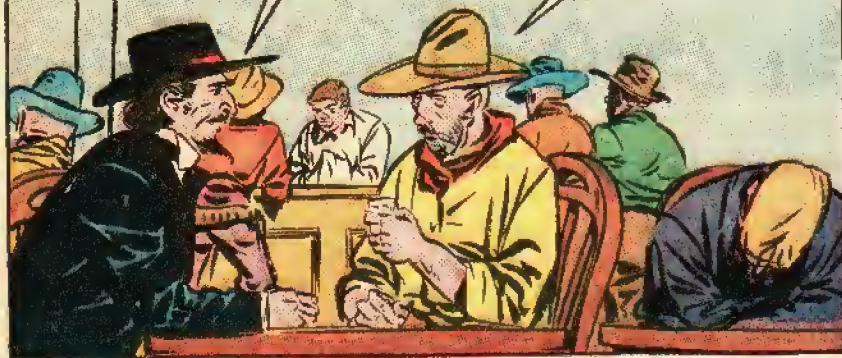
JED, HERE'S YER LAST LESSON. BADNESS COMES FROM A FELLER'S MIND, NOT FROM HIS GUN-HAND. USE YER GUN ONLY WHEN YER ON TH' RIGHT SIDE, AN' YOU WON'T GO WRONG. NOW LET'S SEE TH' SHERIFF.



MEANWHILE, IN THE SILVER DOLLAR, CURT LAWLESS AND HIS STOOGES, SLIM BOYER, HAVE A NEW PLAN OF THEIR OWN.

SLIM! SHERIFF SAYS TH' STAGE IS DUE T' DAY WITH \$20,000 IN GOLD DUST-ALL IN MINERS' POKES BACK FROM THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE. IT'S A CINCIN!

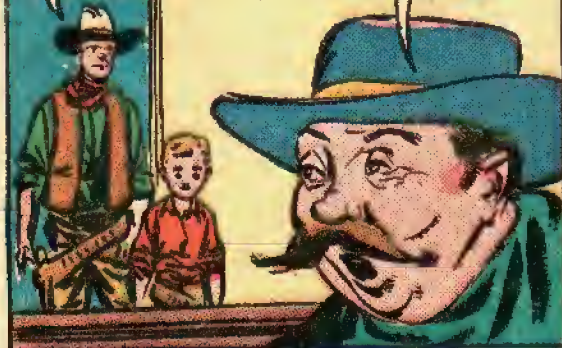
GOOD! WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FER BROWNING'S CUT AN' FER EQUIPMENT TO MINE FARRADAY'S CLAIM, TOO!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, TEXAS AND JED ARRIVE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AND AS TEXAS PUT IT, "DROPPED IN FER A MITE OF SOCIABLE."

BUT SHERIFF, WE JES WANT TO GIT ACQUAINTED. NO CALL FOR ALARM.

YER TH' VARMIN'T THAT SHOT AT CURT LAWLESS, AIN'T YUH? WAL, I DON'T TOLERATE GUN WORK HERE!



SO, SHERIFF? RECKON, THEN, IF I WANT T' SHOOT SOMEBUDDY, I BETTER SHOOT ONE OF TH' MINERS, HUH? THAT'S ALL RIGHT, AIN'T IT?

I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' OF TH' SORT!



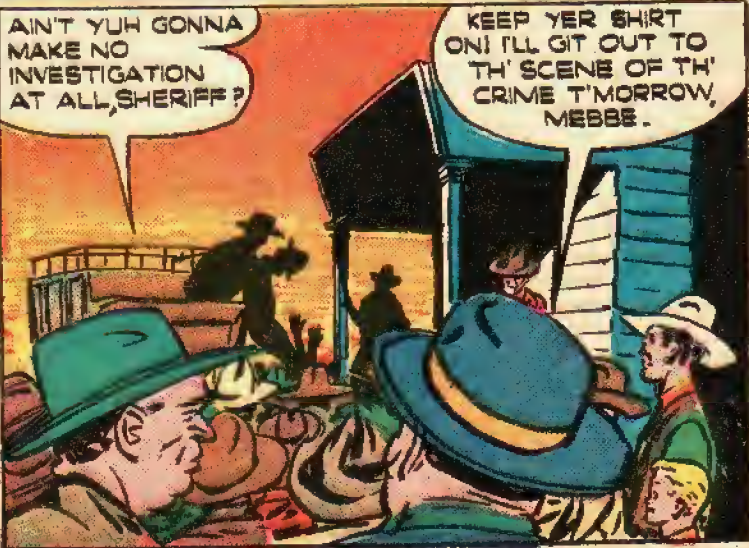
HURRY UP, SHERIFF! STAGS COACH JES PULLED IN, AN' TH' DRIVER'S DEAD ON TH' SEAT! ALL TH' MINERS' GOLD DUST IS GONE.

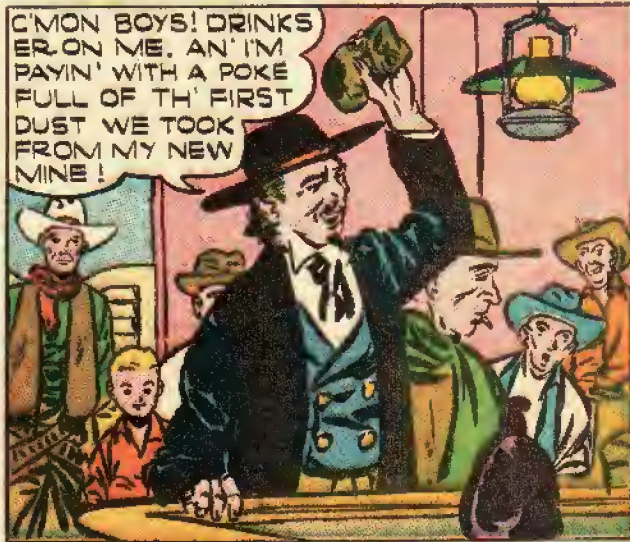
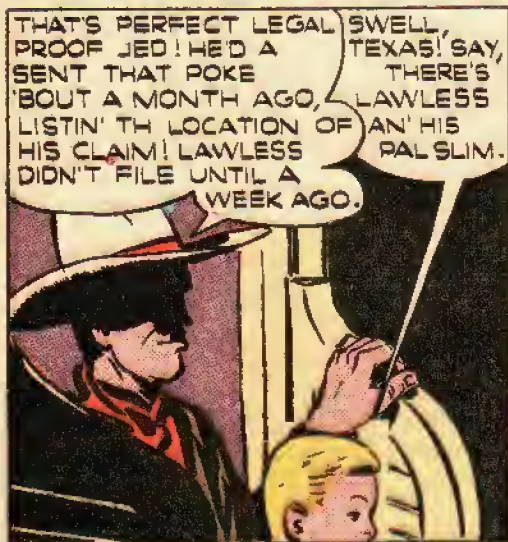
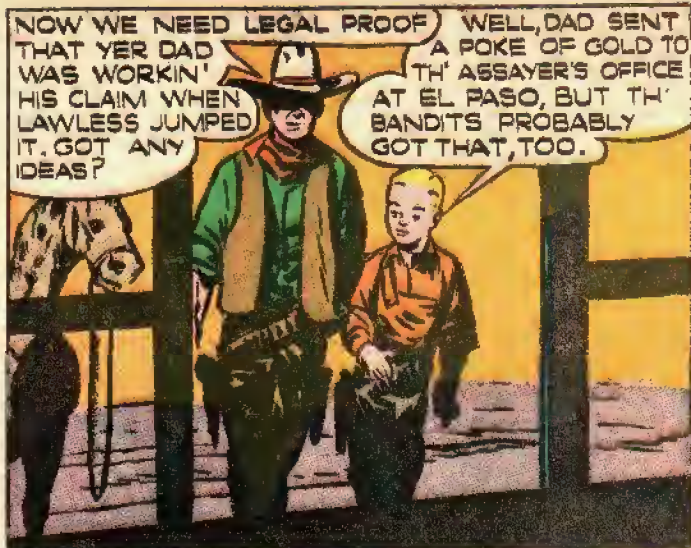
EASY, FRIEND, I'LL BE THERE IN PLENTY TIME.



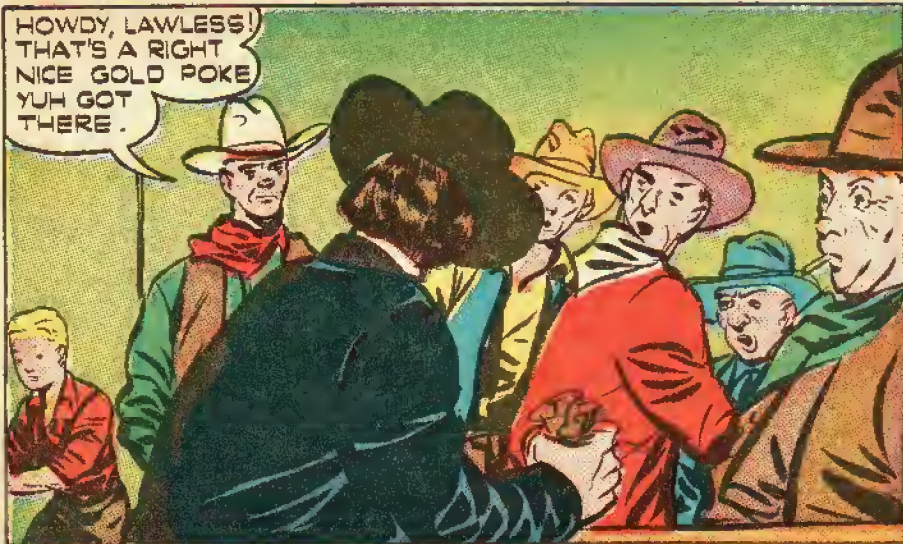
AIN'T YUH GONNA MAKE NO INVESTIGATION AT ALL, SHERIFF?

KEEP YER SHIRT ON! I'LL GIT OUT TO TH' SCENE OF TH' CRIME T'MORROW, MEBBE.





HOWDY, LAWLESS!
THAT'S A RIGHT
NICE GOLD POKE
YUH GOT
THERE.



JED, WATCHING
HIS "PARTNER"
WALKING INTO
AN ARGUMENT
WITH THE TWO
BADMEN,
REALIZED
THAT TEXAS
WOULD STAND
WITH HIS BACK
TO THE DOOR.
AND SO HE
FOLLOWED A
HASTILY MADE
PLAN OF HIS
OWN

YEAH? WHAT'S SO NICE?
PLENTY OTHER POKES
LIKE IT!

WAL, THAT BIG
INK SPOT ON IT
LOOKS LIKE SOME
FELLER SPILLED
INK OVER IT WHILE
ADDRESSIN' IT TO TH'
ASSAYER'S OFFICE IN
EL PASO, MEBBE

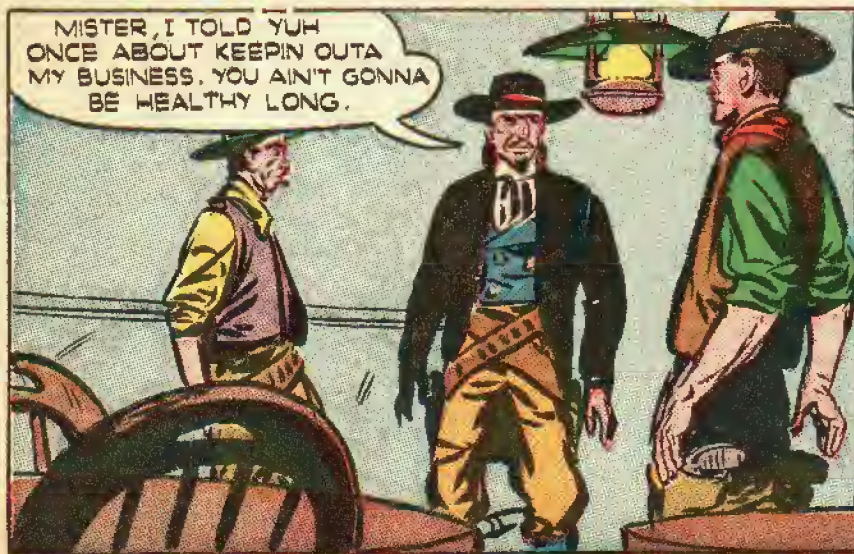


WHAT ARE YUH
TRYIN' T' SAY,
COWPUNCHER?

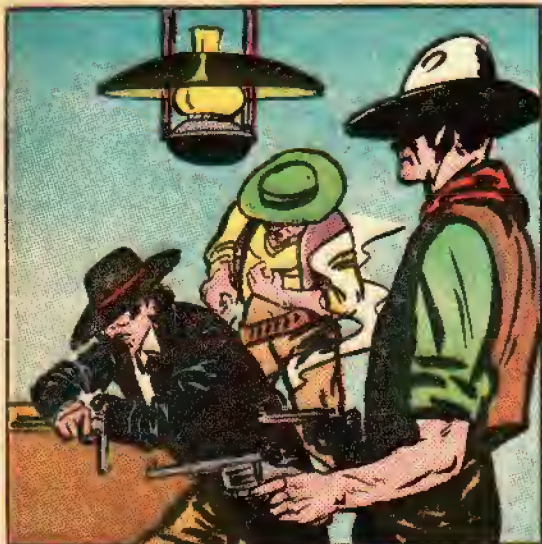
JES SAYIN' HOW
LUCKY YOU WAS
T' GIT YER POKE
BACK, WHEN ALL
TH' OTHER POKES ON
TH' EL PASO STAGE
WAS STOLEN.



MISTER, I TOLD YUH
ONCE ABOUT KEEPIN OUTA
MY BUSINESS. YOU AIN'T GONNA
BE HEALTHY LONG.



IF IT'S GUN
TALK YER A-
MAKIN', I'M
A-WAITIN'!



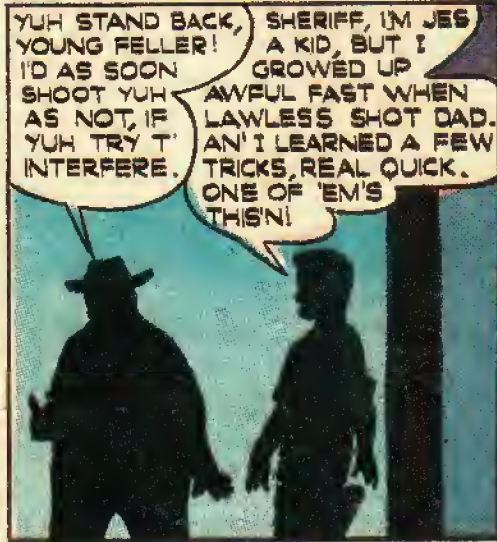
DROP THEM
GUNS, MISTERIAN'
QUICK!

WAL, HULLO, SHERIFF.
THOUGHT I'D DROP
IN T' SEE YOU,
AN' HERE Y' ARE,
DROPPIN' IN ON ME.
DURN CONVENIENT.



MISTER, YER NOTHIN'
BUT A GUNFIGHTER,
AN' I'M JES GONNA
PUT A BULLET
THROUGH YER
CARCASS AN'...

RECKON NOT,
SHERIFF. WE KIN
PROVE THEM
TWO IS TH'
STAGECOACH
ROBBERS.



YUH STAND BACK,
SHERIFF, I'M JES
YOUNG FELLER!
I'D AS SOON
SHOOT YUH
AS NOT, IF
YUH TRY T'
INTERFERE.

A KID, BUT I
GROWED UP
AWFUL FAST WHEN
LAWLESS SHOT DAD.
AN' I LEARNED A FEW
TRICKS, REAL QUICK.
ONE OF 'EM'S
THISIN!



WANTED



WHY YUH LITTLE...
I'M SHOT! MEN!
ARREST THESE TWO!
I DEPUTIZE EVERY
MAN...

JES A MINUTE,
SHERIFF! I'M TAKIN'
OVER HERE. I'M
ARRESTIN'
YOU!

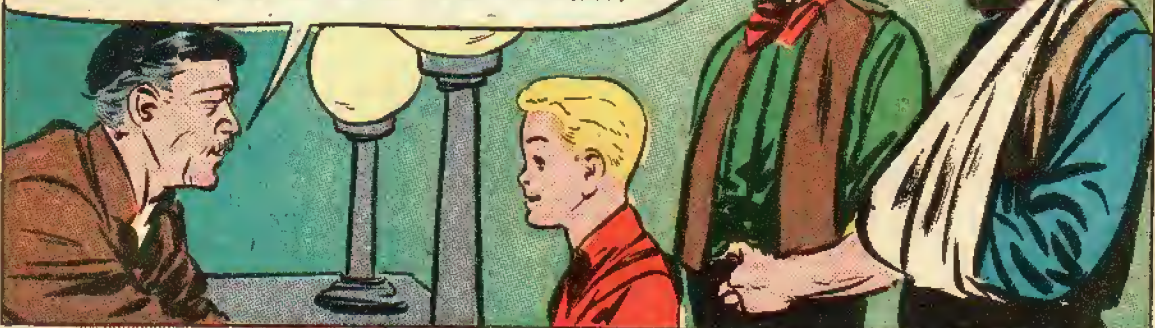


TEXAS!
YER A
UNITED STATES
MARSHAL!

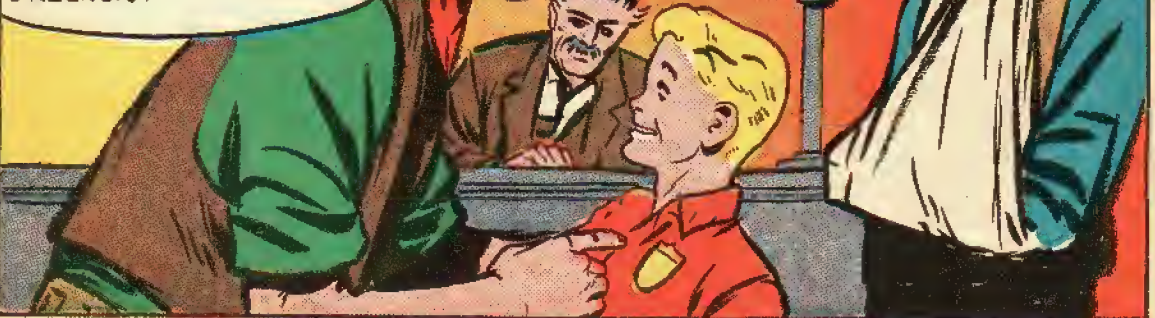
YEP. NAME'S LEM CRAGGET,
BUT FOLKS GENERALLY
CALLS ME TEXAS.
C'MON SHERIFF. YUH'VE
GOT A LOT A EXPLAININ'
T' DO!

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT CHIEF,
UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE ...

JED, TEXAS HAS TOLD HOW YOU HELPED CLEAN
UP YOUR TOWN. HE ALSO TOLD ME HOW YOU WERE
WORRIED BECAUSE HE TAUGHT YOU A FAST DRAW!
WELL, SON, WE HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU.
I THINK YOU'LL STAY ON THE RIGHT SIDE WITH THIS.
DO, THE HONORS, TEXAS! JED'S YORE PARTNER.



JED FARRADAY, BY ORDER
OF TH' CHIEF MARSHAL,
UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S
OFFICE, I DO HEREBY APPOINT
YUH DEPUTY MARSHAL.
NOW, DAWGONE IT, THAT
MAKES YUH TH' YOUNGEST
POLICEMAN IN TH' WORLD,
I RECKON!



You can trust your Buster Brown Shoe Man for Expert Fitting Service

Of course, your Buster Brown shoe man can't get all the shoes he wants now—but if he can't fit you right he'll say so. Buster Brown shoe men are experts in shoe fitting. They follow a fitting plan that checks on toe length, foot width, heel shape and all points where either snug fit or "wriggle-room" is so important to growing feet. And if he doesn't have a shoe in stock that fits you properly at all these points he would rather miss a sale than send you out in a shoe that is not right for your foot.



Both feet are measured and the longer foot size, and the greater foot width, are fitted.



The heel fit is checked to be sure that it is wide enough at the bottom and snug enough at the top.



*The
lively foot
of a child*

*The last
that is shaped
like the
lively foot
of a child*

*The shoe
that is shaped
like the last*

**BUSTER BROWN "LIVE-FOOT"
LASTS MEAN PROPER SHOE FIT**

You can trust Buster Brown Shoes for Fit and Wear

Buster Brown Shoes are GOOD shoes—they're made of sturdy materials that wear and wear, over "Live-Foot" Lasts that help your feet grow straight and strong.

That's why Smilin' Ed always tells you to look inside the shoe for that good old name BUSTER BROWN before you buy. When you see that name inside the shoe you know you're getting REAL, genuine Buster Brown Shoes.

BUSTER BROWN

SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

Bright young style

WITH GROWN-UP IDEAS

For schooltime, playtime or party-time, Buster Brown has the smart, grown-up looking shoes boys and girls want. Here are just a few of the patterns Smilin' Ed tells you about on the radio. Your Buster Brown dealer has plenty of others equally smooth. Teen-age girls really like Buster Brown's college-type oxfords and strollers. And for dress-up there are many pretty pumps and straps. For boys of any age, there are rugged, husky Buster Browns, that put a fellow on a man's footing.



Smilin' Ed says:

"To be sure you get the real article, genuine Buster Brown Shoes, look for this picture of the boy and his dog. They're inside of every Buster Brown Shoe."

